

THE SCARECROW.

Wull, Garge, as Oi was saying, Oi 'ad jist come 'ome after a jolly evenin' we 'ad in this 'ere room of the "Roisterin' Robber," only last Saturday night, as ever was. Charlie 'e got so merry that evenin' 'e did, Oi thought Oi'd never see 'im sober ag'in this side of Christmas, and Mr. Beefbutton 'ere confirmed my opinion. Wull, as I was sayin', I 'ad got 'ome, and my Missus she 'ad started naggin' just as usual about 'er Temperance Club an' 'er Vicar, not but what 'e aint a thoroughly noice gentleman yer know, an' Oi jist went out for a stroll loike round the garding, to give 'er time to cool off a bit loike. Wull, Oi went out of the green gate at the back (Oi painted it myself, and it do look noice I must say) and Oi jist took a look round my big field what Oi 'ad jist sown with oats, and moi oye fell on moi scarecrow loike. And what did Oi see? Oi arks yer as man to man, what did Oi see? Yer don't know, yer says? Wull, Oi'll tell yer. Yer see it was full moon, and Oi was jist thinkin' of what Jane 'ad said to me that marnin about—What say, Garge? What say? I be a bit 'ard of 'earing Oi be. Oh yer want me to get on with it, do yer? Orl right, Oi was if yer 'adn't interumpated me. Wull, Oi was a-lookin' at the scarecrow, when it moved right under my oyes, it did. It dropped its arms to its soides an' started to 'op towards me. It had to 'op, seein' as 'ow it had only one leg, bein' really only a bit of stick. Lor bless yer no, Garge, Oi war'nt afeard, not a bit of it. Oi walks up to 'im an' says "Good-evenin'," says Oi. And he tikes orf 'is 'at what belonged to my wife's grandfather when 'e was verger at St. Apple-on-the-Stickvat-Puddlemud. Wull, Oi *was* surprised! 'Owever, Oi touches my forehead polite loike, and expresses an 'ope that 'e is well. And 'e says to me, "Jake," says 'e, "come for a stroll," and orffers me 'is stick of an arm—did you ever 'ear the loike of it Garge?—Ho!—Ho!—Ho!—it makes me laugh to remember it—Ha Ha Ha! Wull, jist at that moment Jane came art of the back door she did, an' started 'ollerin' at me. An' the scarecrow 'e jumped out o' 'is skin, or rather 'is baak, 'an 'e scuttled back to 'is place in the middle of the field jist as fast as 'e could 'op. When 'e got there, 'e fixed himself in the ground, and out went 'is arms, and 'e stood there in the moonlight, as if 'e 'ad never even thought of bein' up to 'is little tricks. An' the next day Jane took 'im to bits, 'cause she could'nt find no other stick fer usin' on my boy Benjamin. An' nar Garge, what about another glass?

M.M.

LATE AFTERNOON.

I saw the world through a blue November haze—
An arch of brown fields, and seven leafless trees
Shivering, shivering in the evening breeze,
Ghostly behind the blue November haze.



AT THE FORD WORKS, MANCHESTER.

J.O.T.

'Tis nought to me
Though all has fled—
Bird, flower, and tree,
For Love is dead.
Time will not stay
Even Love must
Some autumn day
Crumble to dust.

They have no song
The sedges dry
But rustle, rustle, rustle
'Neath the sky.
They have no song
Only when dead
Their dry stalks rustle
In the river-bed.

She has no song,
The Swan so white,
Only her feathers creaking
In her flight.
She has no song
Until she dies,
Pouring her lone soul out
Beneath the skies.

They have no song—
The sedges dry
But rustle, rustle, rustle
'Neath the sky.
The sun and the showers,
The wind in the trees,
Sigh of the breeze.
By go the hours.
Never again
The sun and the rain,
All have passed by,
Youth now has gone
And I am alone.
Waiting to die—
Never again
To see sun or rain.

E.F.

HIS FEET!

It was threshing day, one of the most outstanding events in the year. It had been going on for seven hours, and the sun was getting hotter every moment. Still the engine droned on steadily, still the dry brown wheat was forked down, and still the grain was being sorted out into the four sacks.

The boy who took the sacks away was not enjoying himself. He had to carry heavy sacks to the barn the whole time, and others were always just full by the time he got back. Before, he had always been made to look after the engine; that was a nice job, but now his kiddy brother had it, the lucky dog.

He wished the silly sun would stop shining on him like that; he wished people would stop swearing at him like that; wherever he went, he was sworn at, and that was because the men were hot and tired too. He felt that he did not matter to them; he was nobody, and might as well not be there. But then who would carry the sacks?

By the time the stack was getting low he was covered in sweat, and the silly sun was getting worse and worse. Why couldn't it stop for a bit?

At last it was finished, the engine gave a few feeble chuffs and then stopped. He wanted to have just a short look at it. It was standing all crackling and sizzling, with a lovely smell of burning oil. He looked at the huge wheel, and the one brick that supported it. He tried lifting it away; nothing happened, but the engine gave a little shudder. Suddenly a cloud of steam shot up, and before he knew what was happening, the thing was rushing at him. He stumbled, the wheel went over him, and he lost consciousness.

.

When he came to, he was being carried, and there were men all round him. He enjoyed feeling so important, and they were all saying nice things about him. "Poor chap," they said, "he may pull through."

They went by a broken barn with a broken, steaming thresher inside. Then across the yard. The man beside him was carrying two small boots with something inside them. Suddenly he realised that it must be his feet.

"I wish the silly sun would stop shining," he said, as they carried him into the house.

And it did.

J.O.T.

AUTUMN.

The chill wind moans
The leaves flutter down
On to the bare stones,
Sere and brown.
The flowers are dead,
Withered and grey—
The birds have fled
South and away.

"Well—he broke his egg. I often wonder how hard he had to hit Tibbitts' head with his spoon before it cracked. Of course, he had to cut it off Tibbitts, first—with the knife. Then he must have put it in the basket—the egg-cup—and cracked it open."

Misselthwaite was mad. The thought suddenly came to us. Mad. Those flecks of foam, that strange glare in the eyes . . . Yet *was* he mad? He seemed very reasonable in the way he told the story. His voice was still normal, and, except for his quivering lips, he was motionless. No wild gestures, no violent movements—just this weird, vivid, horrible story. Ten minutes before, we had been in the world of everyday things—tobacco, whisky-and-soda, tables and chairs. Now all these homely things seemed unreal or far away, and their place was taken by the horrors of a madman's dream. Vaguely we knew that we ought to smile; the whole story was a ridiculous farce. And yet we were deadly serious. It *was* a farce—but it was grotesquely horrible as well as farcical.

"I was called down to Appledore the next day to investigate the matter," Misselthwaite went on. "It was a strange business. Tibbitts had entirely disappeared; that was the queer part. Just a few bits—in the basket. That was all. Prout was found dead, beneath the window of Tibbitts' room, with a broken neck. And the room itself was pretty horrible . . . it was all smeared and clotted and generally messy. By the basket there was a great pool of—of—"

"Blood," somebody murmured.

"No, not blood," Misselthwaite answered, with a queer scream in his voice, "not blood, but yolk . . . yellow yolk . . ."

There was a long pause. Then suddenly Sadler burst into a high peal of hysterical laughter.

B.J.B.

WINTER.

The land was very still and coldly brown
Washed over with pale varying shades of blue
All misty and blurred, and breathlessly beautiful:
Only the bryony hung in the shivering hedges,
Its scarlet fruits all withering, pinched and dull:
In the ditches some pink faint-scented butterbur,
Pallid in early bloom, among its leaves:
Against the sky some dark brown chestnut buds,
Naked and lonely, deserted by the green,
Waiting for April's warming drenching showers
To open them. All the earth was silently held
In a trance, remote; a coldly beautiful hush:
And over all hung the pale bowl of the sky,
Very high, very far, and ethereally blue,
Like a just-suspended bubble, fragile and huge—
An infinitesimal film of glistening wet,
Symmetrically stretched around vacuity—
That might at any moment burst into nothing
In a silently awful cataclysm.

B.J.B.

"He pinched me tight, and pointed at Tibbitts' head. It was at a theatre, you see 'Look!' he said, 'look at that egg!' There was a queer look in his eyes—rather like a mad dog. He was like that all through the play—glaring at the back of Tibbitts' head, and muttering about eggs

"When we got out of the theatre, he walked frightfully fast. Suddenly he burst into a great laugh, like a bomb.

"When you see an egg, you put it in an egg-cup and crack it, don't you? Har! Har! Har!"

"It was horrible. But Prout did have queer fits, sometimes, and I didn't think much more about it."

Another pause. The firelight shone on Misselthwaite's spectacles, so that he seemed to have no eyes, but only great round shining spaces.

"Well, it happened that Prout and Tibbitts were both invited to a house-party—the Roberts, you know, over at Appledore. Not far from here—that's what reminded me of the story.

"Perhaps it was an unfortunate coincidence. But it was interesting—what happened. Very interesting indeed"

Misselthwaite was looking into the fire, with the careful, delicate concentration of a Biologist who is studying some bacillus under a high-power lens. His voice had settled into a high sing-song tone, which somehow seemed to bring the atmosphere of the dreary, wind-swept marshes into the room where we were sitting. From time to time he took a drink from the glass at his side.

"Yes. You see—Prout was convinced that Tibbitts' head was an egg. He didn't know how it got on to Tibbitts; it didn't seem strange to him. Neither did it strike him as being impossibly large; it was just an egg.

"And when you see an egg you put it in an egg-cup and break the top open, don't you?" Misselthwaite's voice was suddenly raucous and loud, in imitation of Prout's.

"Well, Prout was determined to do the right thing to that egg. He took an egg-cup (it was really a waste-paper basket) from one of the rooms, and a big wooden spoon and a carving knife from the kitchen. He had to make all these arrangements very carefully—make up stories to account for his need of the spoon and knife—and so on. He slept quite near Tibbitts, and he planned to break his egg in the early morning—it was the best time"

Misselthwaite paused. We were all sitting very still, tensely silent, waiting for him to finish. It was all too horribly grotesque and yet it was very real to us. The firelight, flickering about the room—the room itself—the howling wind out on the Marsh—all these seemed remote and distant. We only saw Prout—pink-faced, white-haired, determined, creeping along to Tibbitts' room in the cold grey morning light, carrying a basket, a spoon, and a knife

All our eyes were fixed on Misselthwaite. There was a strange distant look in his eyes, and his lips trembled with some secret emotion. There were little spots of foam at the corners of his mouth, and his cheeks were unusually pink.

THE EGG-COMPLEX.

"And did you ever hear the story of Tibbitts, the Man With The Head like An Egg?"

Little Misselthwaite, the unsuccessful detective, suddenly piped up in his shrill voice from the corner by the red curtain. After the low murmur of our conversation, the sudden question came as a queer shock.

We were all gathered round the fire, as close together as possible, for no house is proof against the winter dampness of Romney Marsh. The yellow flames flickered round the ash-flaked logs, and made strange jumpy patterns of light and shadow on the low bulging ceiling. Outside, the wind moaned over the flats, like an army of melancholy ghosts.

We were telling stories; Sadler, who had motored over from Brenzett, told an amusing one about the Marsh-folk; Hazlitt, who inclined to Spiritualism, had just finished a tale about ghosts. We were keyed up to just the right emotional pitch for ghost stories, and when Hazlitt abruptly stopped speaking, leaving the riddle for us to solve if we could, we were silent for several minutes. And then, quite suddenly, Misselthwaite asked that question.

We all turned towards him. Through the blue haze of tobacco smoke the face of the little detective gleamed luminously grey. We were prepared to be amused, or perhaps interested. Funny chap, Misselthwaite. Psychology, and all that. Bit eccentric—perhaps even a little cracked. But very intelligent. Said queer things, sometimes, that was all . . .

Somebody answered him. "No—go ahead."

He waited a moment or two, stretching his hands out to the blaze, and nervously pursing his lips, so that his chin wrinkled up like a walnut-shell.

"Well," he began, "it was about Tibbitts, the Bacteriologist. He had a head like an egg. Exactly like an egg, with the thin end downwards. Bald it was, too, and pale fleshy-brown. His features were just cracks in the shell."

A pause. One of the logs collapsed into the deep part of the fire, sending up a shower of sparks like fireworks. Some of us coughed, crossed our legs, and settled ourselves more comfortably.

"But it was Prout who took the active part in the story. I don't know whether any of you have heard of him? He was an artist—quite normal, usually, and very intelligent. Funny looking man, with a pink face and grey hair.

"But he had a complex. Everybody has complexes, of course. Some are easy to explain and some are nearly impossible. Prout's was one of the difficult ones.

"I knew Prout personally, and I knew Tibbitts, too—by sight. I used to go to his lectures.

"Well, Prout's complex concerned eggs. He had a sort of lust for eggs. He ate them for breakfast every morning, and at any other time too, if he could get them. He had a nasty habit of robbing birds' nests, when he went into the country. Not to eat the eggs, mind you. He would just squash them in his hands, and laugh to see the slimy yolk and white spatter over him, and drip off his fingers . . .

"I was with him when he first saw Tibbitts. I pointed out the Bacteriologist, thinking Prout might be interested. I'm sorry now, in a way.



BEDALES SCHOOL LIBRARY.

its servants . . . profiteering in essential commodities is abhorrent to the average thinking man. A public service based on profit-making brings evil in its train . . . it is inclined to pander to the public.

As an example, the evils of the cheap newspaper come only because they are dedicated to pander to the lowest in public taste in order to obtain circulation. One is very inclined to distrust the "stunt" press which always plays to the gallery. A public service wielding untold power should be run by the public for the public; should be run, in fact, by public servants. But bureaucracy has potentials of failure, too. In an organization where promotion is largely by seniority and not ability, where the underlying spirit is "thou shalt not make a mistake" (and therefore thou shalt never gain experience, nor experiment, nor progress), we have evils only as great as those where profit-making is the be-all and end-all of the organization. The happy mean is where an organization is given a term of years only in which to run a public service, where promotion is as in a private enterprise, where the stimulus is the desire to carry out the duties to the satisfaction of the higher criticism. Public servants, in fact, working for the public and controlled by the public's elected representatives.

This is the constitution of the B.B.C., and we have, thanks to a temporary security of tenure, been able to visualize our duties in terms of public service, and we have, I hope, paid our listeners the compliment of giving them something slightly better than what they think they would like. Our aim, too, has been the democratisation of wireless so that, in contrast to what would have been done by several competing profit-making concerns, we have considered the country as well as the town, the sparsely populated North as well as the industrial areas; so to-day eighty-five per cent of the population may have in their homes all that is best in music, literature, and art, for a capital payment of two or three pounds and an annual payment of ten shillings. This could never have been done, nor could the wider implication underlying competitive public service have been promulgated, had private enterprise captured this new force.

Bedales has inculcated in me, at any rate, the conception of "Liberty through Service," and in the part I am allowed to play in developing these new ideals through the medium of broadcasting, I feel that Bedales helps me to play it better. May I, therefore, conclude in the hope that what reads rather like an attempt at getting fifty per cent for an English essay (do you still do them on Saturday nights?) has managed to convey something of the hopes and ideals that underly our work, and which seem to me to be closely allied with yours. Ave, atque vale!

AUGUST DAY AT A SANATORIUM.

Before me lie massed piles of wealden Green:
The August sunlight's shifting yellow sheen
Is bright on the fields, and trellissed by the shade
Of poplars out of fine mosaic made.
How blissful just to sit and warmly laze,
With the chalk hills shimmering in a sleepy haze
Far away

BEDALES AND THE B.B.C.

By P. P. ECKERSLEY.

It is a long time since I wrote for a Bedales' publication, much too long as I see it from my point of view, not half long enough, probably, from the readers' standpoint (or is it viewpoint?).

Bedales does not remain in my memory; it is probably, as with all of us, a part and parcel of one's make-up. A cold bath in an open tin thing clanked across a board floor has possibly given way to a cold bath in a tiled bathroom (cries of "profiteer!" but they were there before I came, please!)—but it's still a cold bath. An open window and a south-west wind beating down the Meon Valley may have but a faint echo in the heart of London, but there is still an open window. A spirit of service, a loyalty to an ideal, a feverish and priggish conception that one holds the only key to the door which shuts us from perfection may have given way to a more practical realization of difficulties, but still, as Kipling says through the Latin master: "some of it sticks." Which brings me to my story.

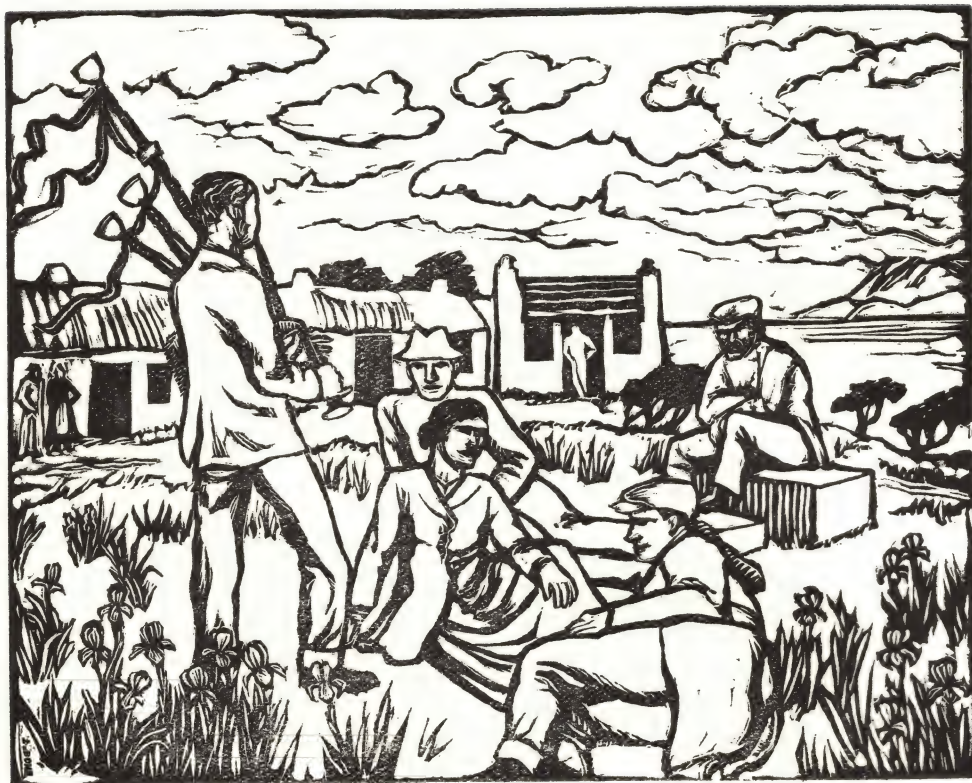
I have something to do with broadcasting. Broadcasting has something to do with Bedales, because each in their way represents a new point of view, and are allied, I think, in a common purpose. I can see possibly some of you, some of you whom the journalist would describe as "highbrow," turning up an intellectual nose at my daring to compare Broadcasting and Bedales. You have probably heard at some time, belched from the unlovely tin mouth of a loud speaker, some hideous sounds which are a travesty of the original—Broadcasting.

This is, however, hardly the point . . . much that is unlovely is perpetrated particularly by those who are styled "experts." (I speak in no spirit of scorn; often enthusiasm leads further than knowledge follows, and a very good thing, too). This is offset by the vast majority who, with their simple sets, can be given, expressed in its lowest terms, a sufficient picture of reality to enable imagination to do the rest. And so broadcasting, however conducted, means that the slums as well as the lonely places, the farms as well as suburbia, vicarages as well as the manor, are brought into touch with one central stimulus. The potentials of this new thing, then, are scarcely realizable.

Mr. Chesterton was asked if he did not think it wonderful that a million people might simultaneously realize what a political leader was thinking, but replied that he thought it would be much more wonderful if the leader could know what a million people were simultaneously thinking. It *would* be more wonderful possibly, but it would be questionable whether it would be more helpful, assuming the term "political leader" was a sufficient description. In spite of the undeniable wit of Mr. Chesterton, who finds his inspiration in a looking-glass which always reverses what the world commonly sees as a direct image, it *is* a wonderful thing; more wonderful than the printed word because of its instantaneous appeal; its background of beauty in the music played, its ability to transport us instantly to any place of interest.

In Britain, broadcasting is entrusted to a company whose function is "service." It is a non-profit-making concern.

Success in business is often measured in terms of profit. This may be a praiseworthy attitude, because private enterprise brings the stimulus of competition. A business which deals, however, with necessities should not be profit-making beyond a degree which adequately rewards



WOODCUT.

STEPHEN BONE.

O dream, imagination, thyself a falsification,
Have I forgotten myself?
Now I capitulate, I long for the company of men,
My dream is no more perfect than they.
They aspire, but it does not aspire.
I long now for the company of men, I am lonely and far from among them,
I think of the city, the streets, the restful well-employed room:
From clear *vision* to unclear dubious *issue*, silently back to the night I go,
To steal (the silence of night suffices, I stealthily tread) from men,
(Going to their houses at night, knocking at their door) from each an
Weird and inimitable perfect existences, men! [affection: each a creation,

DAWN OVER THE SOUTH DOWNS.

In a cold grey shivering morn
I saw the new day born—
Brought forth from the womb of night
In a flare of orange light
Over the blue hills.

In a chill November dawn
I saw the new day born
While the paling morning star
Shone bleakly, whitely, far
Away in the west.

In the silence of the morn
I saw the new day born
Through a mesh of leafless trees
That shivered in the breeze
Fitfully.

Long livid rifts of light—
Pale gashes in the night—
Spread pallid leprosy
Over land and sea
Gradually.

I am not now among men, I am groping, I realize the world,
I do not value the Thing at the price of its manifestation;
I do not arrogate what men arrogate only to themselves;
O World! O natural states and natural emotions; and life,
Pith of the mechanic framework of matter and motion,
O World, and not only men, containing, them, all that men contain,
World, and thou, Noumenon Life! Do they know thee as I know?

2

Who shall be perfect man,
Him I imagine, of him I dream.
I think of one who is tall and fair,
Brown as the earth his mother. He stands
Hushed among motionless leaves,
Listening and waiting. He lets the rain
Sluice down his shoulders. Silence weaves
Spider-webs round him. All in vain
He does not cry, nor laugh because
His feelings wake, or life is good.
He is not alone in his solitude.
He speaks to none, yet he is not silent.
He lets the sudden minutes take
Their toll unquestioned; finds no cause
For thought: but he can contemplate.
(Not in the tangled mesh of words and tongues,
Not with the mystic meaningless symbols of men).
I think of a tall fair mortal
Living quiet and unashamed, until
The length of years brings forth,
And his body cries out, and all his cells cry out,
And the forces and nervous precipitants:
"We have laboured, we are in travail,
We are in travail, delay not thou O mind, O man,
O mind, O man, let us bring forth Death,
We are in travail, delay not thou,
Delay not thou, we have laboured long.
O world, O natural states, O natural motions; and death,
Pith of the mechanic framework of matter and motion,
O world and not only men, containing, thou, all that men contain,
World, and thou, Noumenon Life! He shall know thee as I know.

3

The entire sky is calm,
There is no cloud, or it cannot be seen, it is dark,
Misty and chill is the air: it is Spring.

4

I do not understand men, I am not now of or among them.
 Why do they laugh and weep?
 Why are they disgusted and maddened?
 Because the sun on the grass is fair
 They laugh and dream of beauty.
 (They dream altogether too often).
 Because they are thwarted they despair;
 Because they are blind they are confident;—
 They have a soul too big for their body: their soul,
 Like a caged bird,
 Or a word of pain,
 Cannot rest quite: him they restrain
 With creeds and unnamed thoughts.
 Theirs is a soul too sad for their nervous emotions;
 Like a bias, their soul,
 Into one-sided curves of unchecked hyperbolic thought drives
 Body and life and mind,
 Into unnatural, mazed, mad movement,
 Mazed, mad, intellectual male aborations.
 What is the game called Thought,
 What are the rules of logic,
 The ever in themselves necessarily perfect ones?
 A child sits by the roadside
 Playing a game of patterns in the dust. . . .
 A robed and hooded wise man, a writer, a metaphysician,
 A chess-player who toils through the ending with patient pawns;
 Or with wayward eccentric movement of Knights, called genius or madness,
 Or sets a Queen on the board, and calls her radiant potentialities wisdom.
 But the poet has written of them
 (Entirely forgetful both of the moves and the game):—
 "I saw an arbour once
 In sunshine after a shower.
 There stood chessmen on a curious board, carved and quiet and dumb
 Since the players had gone. [they stood,
 Throwing long shadows over the dim dull'd squares"
 (The Queen as well as the Knight).
 "Softly; and softly the evening shone."
 Dimly groping beyond I reach,
 To the innermost core of the world I reach down;
 I grasp without seeing—I grope for things other than I.
 A revelation is not a Thing,
 Neither is an idea ever a Thing,
 Neither can a perception be a Thing of the Things in reality.
 For a symbol is never the same as that of which it is the sign and
 cognate effect.

THE RAY.

Edited by BARBARA NIXON and B. J. BROOKE.

NUMBER 3.

AUTUMN TERM, 1925.

EDITORIAL.

And so the third number of "The Ray" goes to press. Next term will see the anniversary of its beginning. Next year—but this is not the place to sentimentalize . . . ! So far it has just paid its way; perhaps that is all that matters—from one point of view, at any rate.

"The Ray" is particularly fortunate in being able to print an unpublished poem of Feri Békássy, an old Bedalian whose work has only recently become well-known. The poem itself needs no other comment here, as Mr. Grant Watson has written an explanatory preface to it. Among the other contents, Captain P. P. Eckersley's article is an especially valuable and welcome contribution.

One question arises at the publication of this third number—whether to begin with an "Editorial" or not. It will be remembered that in the first number, "The Ray" announced itself in a Manifesto. The second number lacked any preface. Which is preferable? Is an "Editorial" desirable for its own sake? It is, of course, a necessity at times—when there is some important announcement to make. But should the first page be reserved for *any* chance comments that may occur to the Editors? It is entirely a matter of opinion which looks the pleasanter—a direct plunge from the Number and Date into the reading matter, or an intermediate stage of dull comments which nobody reads. If the first is the better way, this preface has certainly gone far enough—in fact, much too far! The cynical among its readers will no doubt say that all "Editorials" exist for the one purpose of filling up space. As a matter of fact, they are quite right in what they say. That is all "Editorials" *are* for. But so long as nobody reads them, it doesn't matter much. Anyway, this particular one is *quite* long enough already. . . . Oh well!

SPINDLEBERRIES.

Spindleberries
Picked from the flaming hedges
In a breathless misty Autumn afternoon
When the sun is both cold and warm
At once—
A hanging silver ball behind the fog.
Out in the fields
That are already silent
With the pregnant stillness of winter—
By the deserted hop-gardens
Where the stripped bines
Hang, withering, half-way down the naked poles—
Those stark brown forests,
Sharp-limbed against the cold sky
There the spindleberries
Gleam softly in the high hedges,

Luminously pink
In the light of the grey afternoon.
Let us bring them home—
Big rustling boughs, quivering with berries—
To the room with the black beams,
Where the fire is crackling
Warmly.
Put them in the copper pot
By the window,
Next to the brick-red earthen-ware one
With the yellow chrysanthemums,
Against the dark blue curtains
The fire glints redly on the burnished copper,
And the dull pink berries glow
With an inward light
Beautifully

B.J.B.

A POEM BY FERI BÉKÁSSY.

The following is an unpublished poem by Feri Békássy. It was written in 1908 while he was at Cambridge. He showed it to me soon after it was written, and asked for my criticism and opinion. It seemed to me then, in spite of the obvious influence that it shows of academic reading, to be made for the most part of the real stuff of poetry; and so it still seems. It is in my opinion the best thing of his that I have seen in English.

It was not included in the volume "Adriatica" because the Editor did not know of its existence. He wrote to me, knowing that I had various writings of Békássy's, but unfortunately I never received the letter; and later when I met Mr. Lucas at Cambridge, "Adriatica" was already in the press.

Békássy could never make up his mind what to call this poem. Several titles were suggested, and the one he liked best was "The Crystal Gazer," but this, with the others, he finally discarded. So it remains nameless.

It may be questionable whether I am justified in letting this poem be published in "The Ray." Well, I will take the risk; I don't think Békássy would have minded. This small edition, published by a later generation of Bedalians, may save from oblivion a poem which, whatever its faults and short-comings may be, is a remarkably mature and interesting work from a man of twenty.

E. L. GRANT WATSON.

1

Walking the woods at nightfall
I bend the quiet undergrowth out of my way,
And the rays of sunshine bend hither and thither.

Come, swift imagination,
Come dark recesses, irrecoverable glades,
Let the monotonous earth
With leafy woods and mossy trees, aspire.

The forest is full of leaves;
Dead leaves are about me, under my feet,
Dead branches are hanging limp from their trees.
The forest is full of loneliness and I am full of the forest
Now men and women move in my fancy as grey clouds move, or
wisps of cloud.

Sun-lit, sunset dissolved: for they fly continually,
On snow-draped mountain sides;
Casting their shadows; mounting past continents;
Drawn over the world by invisible winds; trailing silent wings.

Clouds, remote, imaginative;
Men, imaginative, remote;
Clouds from the forest, men far from me who am full of the forest;
Weird and inimitable existences, men!

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